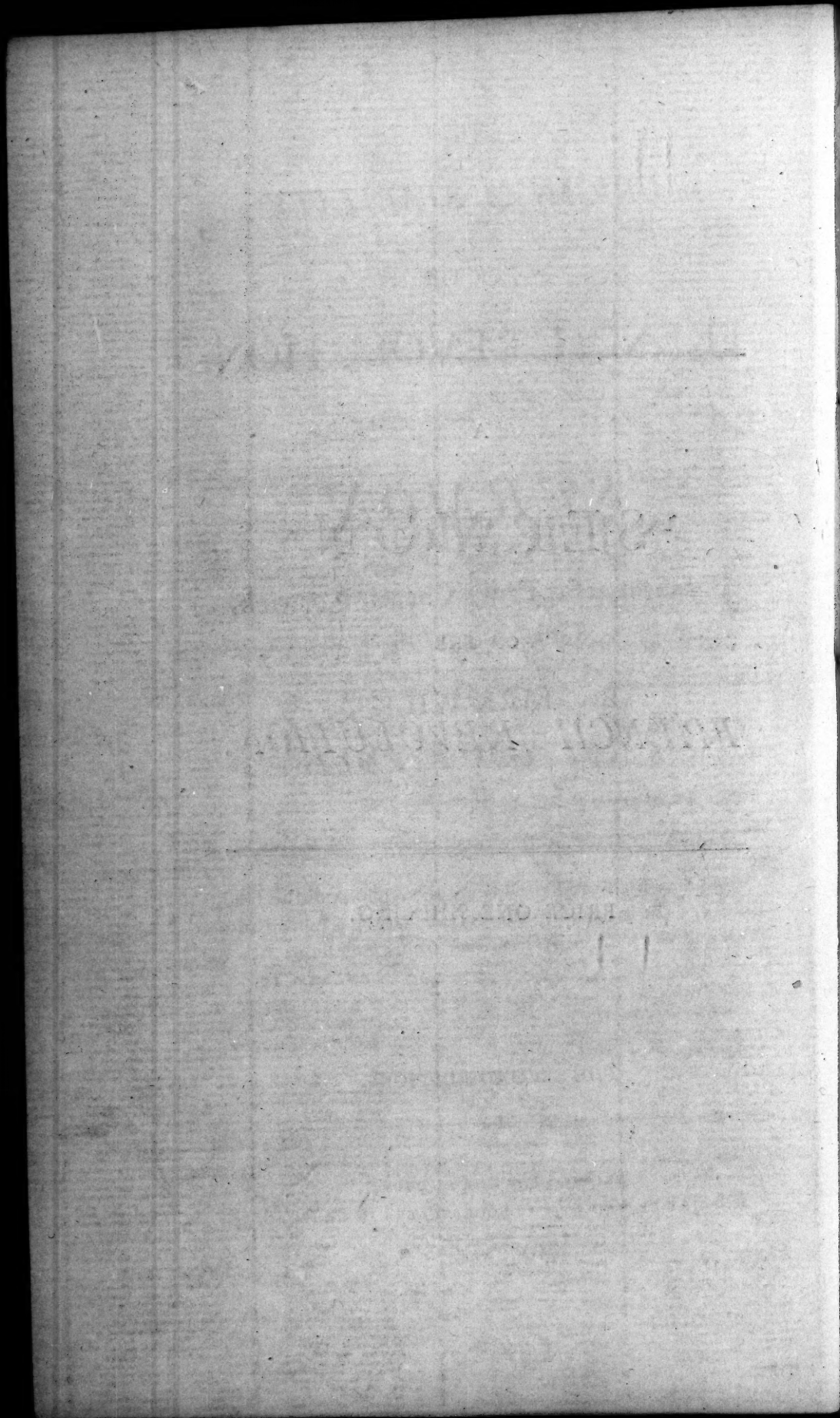

A
SERMON

ON THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



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THE
ORIGIN & STABILITY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A
SERMON

Preached at St. Paul's Chapel, Norwich,
July, 14, 1791,

By MARK WILKS,
A NORFOLK FARMER. K

“And ye shall proclaim liberty throughout all the land,
unto ALL the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto
you, and ye shall return *every man* to his possession.

LEV. XXV. 10.

THE SECOND EDITION.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND MAY BE HAD OF THE BOOKSELLERS IN GENERAL.

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FRANCIS REVOLUTION.

ST. MARKS LKS.

AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD

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PREFACE.

SHOULD any ask, why I trouble my head about politicks, and especially in the pulpit, my answer would be, because, *so is my will.* And so is my will, because, there exists no law, human or divine, that renders such a line of conduct reprehensible.

All nations, and the individuals of all nations, are concerned in politicks; to preach or write, therefore, on political subjects, is only to meddle with our own concerns.

But why meddle with the politicks of another nation? because bound to do so, by a law of sympathy.

God having of one blood made all nations of men, it becomes us to bewail the

B

miseries

miseries and rejoice at the mercies of the whole human race.

To be stoical, were to be criminal ; but to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that do rejoice, is christian and humane.

To conceive of a country where Government was the source of misery, is painful in the reflection ; to conceive of the ruin of *that* Government, and of one reared on the immutable basis of natural right, must inspire triumph.

Such *was*, and *is*, the Government of France ; and to congratulate the happy change, I preach, and write.

By way of apology for the Sermon let me observe, nature has not possessed me of *creative* powers ; it is mine, therefore, to compile, rather than compose.

I am

I am persuaded, that men of reading, when they look over this Sermon, will say of this idea, and of that, as one of the sons of the Prophets did when he lost the head of his ax, "*alas, Master! for it was borrowed.*" 2 Kings vi. 5.

This exclamation will be no mortification to me, for, as Mr. Burke observes, (and he is not always out) "He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

Mr. Mackintosh compares the voluminous productions of Philosophers, &c. to the expanse of a noble lake, or to the course of a majestic river, which imposes on the imagination by every impression of dignity and sublimity; but, it is the moisture, adds he, that insensibly arises from them, which gradually mingling with the soil, nourishes all the luxuriance of vegetation,

tation, fructifies and adorns the face of the earth.—If by my warmth of zeal in the cause of liberty, I can exhale a few drops of moisture from these lakes and rivers, which may fall back on my Fellow Citizens with fructifying influence, I shall say, 'tis enough.

MARK WILKS.

Norwich, July 15, 1791.

A

SERMON

ON THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Acts v. 39.

IF IT BE OF GOD, YE CANNOT OVER-
THROW IT.

JESUS CHRIST was a Revolutionist; and the Revolution he came to effect was foretold in these words, "He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

When

When the Son of God had done all in this work that concerned him on earth, he commissioned certain men to carry it on in his absence: he sent them to open blind eyes, to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

In this work the Apostles were interrupted by the Aristocrates and High Churchmen of those days, and for it, were called to give an account before a Jewish Council.

In this Assembly was a very respectable character, a Doctor of the Law, whose name was Gamaliel.

This Gamaliel advised his countrymen to moderation and forbearance; and he did it on this ground, that if the design and endeavours of these Revolutionists to regenerate the world was of man, it would come to nought, but if it was of God, it was beyond their power to overthrow it.

It

It is not to commemorate *this* event we are now met, but the Revolution in France. An event which this moment occupies the minds of thousands and thousands; and about which the minds of men are divided; some holding it in execration and abhorrence, while others, think, wonder and admire.

Amidst this diversity of opinion, I will give it as mine, that the French Revolution is of God, and that no power exists, or can exist, by which it can be overthrown.

When I say it is of God, I do not mean to insinuate, that it was effected by supernatural or miraculous interpositions, or that it is so, as was the commonwealth of Israel; all I mean is, that the hand of God, has very visibly appeared in it, and that this glorious event carries with it the most indubitable evidence of the Divine approbation.

I am

I am so far from attributing the Revolution to miracle, that I am persuaded, such were the causes leading to it, that God, and God only could have prevented it.

What must we think of the distress of a nation, where, notwithstanding the annual revenue was twenty-four millions, the annual expence exceeded the income one hundred and fifteen million livres; near five millions of our money—Thus we see the ruin of Government was inevitable, because the ways and means to support it did not exist. This was the first step to the Revolution. The second step was the noble opposition of the Assembly of Notables to the measures of M. Calonne, who was about to raise the credit of the nation on the nation's ruin, or, to fill the Exchequer with the spoils of the people.

In this wretched state of embarrassment, two edicts for the creation of new imposts, to the amount of five millions a year, were presented to the Parisian Parliament
to

to enregister, and by them boldly thrown aside, with a declaration, that the name of taxes ought not to be mentioned, but for the purpose of reducing them. This was the third step. The banishment of the Parliament for daring to oppose the Royal will, was the fourth. The act of registering these edicts by a Bed of Justice against the remonstrances of the Parliament was the fifth step. The rigour of the Court against the Duke of Orleans and others who protested against the above measure was the sixth. The attempt to establish a new Court, nominated by the King, and possessed with sufficient power to strengthen the hands of despotism, called the *cour plénier*, or full court, was the seventh step. And the general opposition to that measure, together with the blockade of the Parliament-house, and the violent seizure of its Members, crowned all.

Thus, we see, that financial distress led the Court to the most atrocious acts of arbitrary

bitrary madness. The Notables and the Parliament opposed the Court with vigorous resolves, a spirit of noble resistance broke forth among the people in all the provinces, the convocation of the States General was the universal cry, and the meeting of the states was the salvation of the nation.

Yet, though these were the general causes leading to this great event, God, the great first cause of all things, appears to me to have had a very visible hand in it, and to have honoured it with indubitable marks of his divine approbation.

In justification of this hypothesis, I would take a threefold view.

First—A view of the character of the National Assembly.

Secondly—Of the Revolution itself.

And,

And Thirdly—Of the interposition of Divine Providence, in rendering the efforts of the nation successful.

CHARACTER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

First—With regard to the National Assembly, let me observe, that the account Mr. Burke gives of it, as composed of Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, and Farmers, is silly; and appears something like the rant of *his fraternity*, that the Non-con. Clergy are composed of journeymen taylors and shoemakers; as though the callings of men could lessen their mental powers, and annihilate the existence of moral virtue. As *this* account is *foolish*, so his declamatory account of its being composed of men authorizing treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters, and burnings, through all their harrafs'd land, is *malicious* and *wicked*; and I think I should be justified in applying to him the character of his old friend, “ *The accuser of*

the brethren."—Had this delineator of characters done justice to the Assembly, he would have described it as one, where mercy and truth meet together, where righteousness and peace embrace each other. In my opinion, that wisdom, mercy, fidelity, and disinterested virtue, which have appeared on the very face of all the actions of the National Assembly, cannot fail to *endear* them to the unbiaſſed, and to render thoſe great men objects of wonder, admiration and praise.

The *low cunning* of *Statesmen* appears to have no exiſtence among French reformers ; but *that* wiſdom which dictates the beſt *lawful* means of obtaining an end, they appear to poſſeſs in a very large degree.

The ſalvation of their country was the object of their purſuit. Means were to be uſed to obtain this object, it was Wiſdom's province to dictate thoſe means, they have obeyed her dictates, and their country is ſaved.

If

If oratorial eloquence is to pass for wisdom, our English Cicero may pass for a Solomon; but if actions are opposed to words, the National Assembly must rise beyond the reach of impeachment, and our Cicero sink below the regions of contempt.

The King of France, in his letter for the convocation of the States General, commands the electors, to elect, choose, and name such personages, who for their integrity and *sound understanding*, should be worthy of that great mark of confidence. This order seems to have been literally obeyed; and consequently, the assembly is composed of men of the *soundest judgment*, and of the most extensive legislative capacity.

Let me again remark, that instead of seeing any thing in the National Assembly *savage* and *ferocious*, that godlike virtue, MERCY, appears to have been a constant resident; dictating sympathy, compassion, and commiseration.

First

First—What could have induced these good men, to have done every thing within the power of argument and example, to prevent anarchy and confusion in their agitated land? MERCY.

Secondly—What could have induced them, to use all possible means to convince the populace, that their interest consisted in their virtue and not in revenge? MERCY.

Thirdly—What could have taught them, in the destruction of their old government, to wreak all their rage against principles, and not persons; against tyranny, and not tyrants; against despotism, while despots are spared? MERCY.

Fourthly—What could induce them to take the power of war into their own hands, and to determine never to draw the devouring sword, but in defence of their just rights? MERCY.

Fifthly

Fifthly—What has taught them to destroy a code of penal statutes, unjust in their nature, and in their operation, beyond all expression, devilish and cruel? MERCY.

And what, are these the ferocious savages? Men, who have made it their chief care to “loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free.” Men, whose government has never been stained with *one drop* of human blood; whose hearts have never been known to beat *revenge*! and whose compassion has very, very often, stopped the hand of justice, with a cry, FOR-BEAR!

As the tongue of slander knows no bounds, it is no wonder we hear the Assembly charged with the most atrocious perfidy, and breach of faith, in confiscating the possessions of the Church.

O dreadful wretches! wretches, who have opened the mouths of the enemies to blaspheme.

blaspheme. Who have inspired *Atheists*,
Deists, and *Presbyterians* with unhallowed
 mirth!

Had it not been for this atrocious per-
 fidy, in confiscating the possessions of the
 Church, the following *shocking lines* had
 never existed; to excite sport and laughter
 in the debauched, and carousing Assem-
 blies of Republican Revolutionists.

The French, the French, they had a Church,
 Which cost five millions in a year;
 They left the Clergy in the lurch,
 And took the tythes their debt to clear.

This charge of perfidy reminds me of
 an epitaph bestowed by a Monk on John
 Wickliffe, who calls him, the devil's in-
 strument, church's enemy, peoples' con-
 fusion, hereticks' idol, hypocrites' mirror,
 schisms' broacher, hatred's sower, lyes for-
 ger, flattery's sink; who at his death de-
 spaired, like Cain, and stricken by the hor-
 rible judgment of God, breathed forth his
 wicked

wicked soul to the dark mansions of the black devil!—

The Monk, no doubt, had an end to answer in this, which was to inspire prejudice against the works of Wickliffe; so, to bring the Revolution into contempt, the chief instruments in effecting it, are painted as black as devils—But to this charge of perfidy, the National Assembly has opposed, that integrity, honour, honesty and fidelity, that cannot fail, according to Pope, to characterise them the noblest work of God.

Fidelity, is the direct opposite to perfidy, and is that virtue which dictates the propriety of steady perseverance in the path of duty, without any regard to dangers and difficulties which may oppose our progress.

Great was the trust reposed in the representatives of the French nation, great have been their difficulties and danger, and their fidelity has been as great,

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Where

Where was ever inflexibility like theirs, in their adherence to their first principle of incorporating the three orders into one National Assembly? a resolution of the first consequence, and one beyond the power either of frowns or smiles to shake.

No sooner had the Commons began to act, no sooner had they summoned the Nobility and Clergy to appear at the hall of the States General, but the Princes of the blood published their manifestoes against them, their impeachment for high treason was the wish of Aristocrats; a vast military force, with tremendous artillery, was collected about Versailles and Paris, the meeting of the States was prohibited by the King, and on the Commons repairing to their hall, they found it infested with soldiers, and themselves excluded with the point of the bayonet.

And what do they now do? Flee? Do threats of impeachment and dissolution, the appearance of armies and artillery, the orders

ders of the King, and the blockade of their House, inspire pusillanimity? Do these *perfidious miscreants* fly from the cause of liberty and the rights of men, to avoid the frowns and vengeance of tyranny? O, no! to their eternal honour be it recorded, and that in *capitals of gold*, they coolly repair to a neighbouring tennis court, and there swear, in the presence of God, never to separate, till they had atchieved the regeneration of France—In these circumstances when

The King was counsell'd to surround,
 The Assembly with his body guard,
 They scorn'd to approach the Royal pound,
 And marshall'd in a tennis yard.
 There in the face of Heaven and God,
 They swore in danger and in death,
 To freedom and the people's cause,
 To consecrate their latest breath.

The inflexibility of the Commons, and their faithful adherence to the peoples' cause, soon bring them from the tennis court, to assemble in the usual place. The

King thinks proper to appear at the opening of the States, but comes, alas, with the spirit of a Sultan, and with language only fit to insult the ears of Sovereign legislature.

He proscribes their deliberations, represents *his will* as the rule of their conduct, considers the distinction of orders as essential to the constitution of the kingdom, and commands them immediately to separate, and to meet the next day in the halls of their respective orders.—With a wife and masterly inattention, they receive these *insults from the throne*, and while the Nobles and Clergy repair to their separate chambers, in obedience to the *royal will*, they keep their seats, and proceed to the business of the nation; and being reminded by the Master of the Ceremonies of the *King's orders*, one answers, in the name of all the rest, *the nation assembled has no orders to receive!*

If

If ever men, by being faithful unto death, rendered themselves worthy of a crown of life, these are the men!—For they have been, as one says, “In deaths oft.”

To these virtues, the Assembly has attached another, the possession of which is of the utmost importance and consequence to men in power and authority: I mean that of a most generous disinterested heart; by which they are taught in all things to prefer the general good to their own personal and private advantage.

In this Assembly, there can be no majority formed by royal influence, no Chancellor of the Exchequer *there*, surrounded by a pack of hungry hounds, waiting for the crumbs that fall from their master's table; and eager expectants of golden days, fruitful of golden deeds! when they shall “satiare their souls with goodness”—No ride and tie in France; even the King must be dismounted if he knows not how to
manage

manage the reins. It is dangerous in France to set *beggars* on horseback—GILPIN will be dismounted, if he rides over the people.

The National Assembly of France, is neither *corrupted* nor *disgraced* with pensioners nor placemen, whose circumstances often tempt them to lose sight of their duty, and invariably to act according to that maxim, “Charity begins at home.”

Self-denial is the brightest of all virtues; a virtue, which adorns and aggrandizes the character of the National Assembly.

See the Deputies of the provinces of Dauphiné, Brittany, Burgundy, Provence, Bourbonnois, Languedoc, Artois, the city of Bourdeaux, and a multitude of other cities, possessing exclusive privileges, which respected both their internal administration of justice, and their contribution of taxes, coming forward on the glorious 4th of August,

August, and proposing the abolition of all exclusive privileges of their particular provinces, and their entire submission to the laws and impositions decreed by the general will of the representatives of the nation—See them come forward to circumscribe their own power, and limit their own political existence, sacrificing, what some would call their dear interests, on the altar of liberty—It is no uncommon thing to hear of Parliaments murdered by the Monarch, for attempting to do right; but here are men cutting their own throats, to prevent their doing wrong.

Political suicide, is a French virtue, that must reflect dishonour on a British Parliament, and raise the reputation of the National Assembly beyond the reach of praise.

By the injustice, pride, and avarice of some Governments, a part of the community is not only excluded from office, but rendered incapable of public trust; but here

are

are men excluding, and for a time incapacitating themselves.

Men, not so vain as to think *they* are the men, and that wisdom will die with them ; nor so very suspicious as to suppose their countrymen unworthy public confidence—Through this disinterested measure, France will produce, in a few years, a nation of Senators, able to form new constitutions for the whole world.

Thus, with brevity, I have given you a short sketch of the character of the National Assembly ; but to do them justice, I must adopt the words of the Queen of Sheba, and say, “The half has not been told you.”

As it was my intention, that this sketch should serve to establish the doctrine of the text, that the Revolution is of God, let me make this remark, that notwithstanding historians separate characters from
events

events, yet events often receive the tinge which determines their moral colour from the character of those, who have been most conspicuous in conducting them.

If the conductors of French affairs were those plunderers, murderers, traitors and assassins represented by Mr. Burke, from their character, the Revolution must have received an immortal tinge, sufficient to preclude this attempt to prove it to be of God; but if, on the contrary, it appears, that every virtue has been displayed in the conduct of the Assembly, and that the Revolution has been effected by no means but those dictated by virtue, that great and glorious event, must, from this circumstance have received a tinge which determines its morality, and justifies the hypothesis, that it is of God.

In defence of the Christian system, we often hold up the character of those, who were the first and chief instruments in esta-

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blishing

blishing the religion of Jesus—We say, that the good works of the Apostles and Primitive Christians, were unanswerable syllogisms, and invincible demonstrations, sufficient to confute and convert Pagans to the Christian name.

By the same way of reasoning we may conclude, that the French Revolution must receive great credit, from the virtue of the Revolutionists; who seem to make it their grand study, by their good works, to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

REVOLUTION.

The next ground I take in favour of the Revolution is the Revolution itself; an event unparalleled in history, and which cannot fail to raise wonder and admiration even to enthusiasm.

If the Revolution was, as has been asserted in a British House of Commons, the pulling down to the ground the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the commerce,

merce, the arts, and the manufactures of France: If it was the French nation in convulsions, beating out her brains against the pavement; if it was the establishment of a bad constitution, when the French were in possession of a good one; if it was their doing their business for us as rivals, in a way in which twenty Ramilies or Blenheims could never have done it; if this was the case, my reflections, on that event, should be attended with floods of tears, and, how are the mighty fallen! should be the lamentation of my life.

I am not one of those people in England of whom Mr. Burke so much complains, as glorying in Revolutions, as though *all Revolutions* were in themselves good. With him I think they are not; and I could tell him of Revolutions, of which to glory would be to glory in our shame. He is concern'd that a comparison should be made between the Revolution in 1688, and that strange thing called the Revolution in France, and so am I; but, I feel

myself particularly hurt to hear an *Englishman*, in this enlightened age, boast of the ranks, the orders, the privileges, the franchises, the subordination, the law, the revenue, the commons, the corporations, the electors, and the Church of *England*.

And as it respects the *Church*, to hear him boast of her estates, her majesty, her splendour, her orders, her gradations and her full efficiency, is enough to drive a wise man mad !

To hear him talk of the balances and counterpoises that fix the state, which furnish sure correctives to any violent spirit which may prevail in any of the orders, is to hear him talk at a rate of unpardonable rant.

What a Government is in theory, and what it is in practice, is not *every where* the same; and, I sincerely wish, the Government of England was in practice
what

what it is in theory, there would then be little need either of Revolution or reform. —But to return, does it follow, that because all Revolutions are not in themselves good, that none are? By no means. And if there may be such a thing as a Revolution, *good in itself*, why not that in France? I have read much on the subject, I have maturely weighed what has been said on both sides of the question: and I conclude as the great God did, when he surveyed his own works, behold, it was *very good*!

The Revolution, so much complained of as the destruction of a good Government, and the establishing of a bad one, strikes me as an event that begs praise.

What is it?

It is the downfall of tyranny, despotism, and oppression. Of despotism, which had erected its standard every where, and which had spread itself through the Court, the

the Church, the Parliament, and every office and department of the state. For, as Mr. Paine justly observes, "the original and hereditary despotism resident in the person of the King, had divided and subdivided itself into a thousand shapes and forms, till at last, the whole of it was acted by deputation.

It is the removal of every evil within the reach of an enlightened and heroic people; and the assertion of those rights which come within the just claims of millions of men.

It is, as Mr. Mackintosh remarks, "the improvement of the social order, and the elevation of the miseries of the civil conditions of men."

It is giving to France a Government more perfect than accident has formed in any other part of the world.

It

It is the introduction of a Government, of which *reason* is the *author*, and *utility* the *object*.

It is the formation of a Government, which is the work of art, and legislative intellect, reared on the immutable basis of natural right and general happiness, which *combines all the excellencies* and *excludes the defects* of all the various constitutions which chance has scattered over the face of the earth.

It is the restoration of millions of our fellow creatures to their natural, sacred, and inviolable rights, who have hitherto lived on the smiles of a tyrant, or perished at his frowns.

It is, in the language of the French King to the Prince de Conde, "Nothing else than the annihilation of a crowd of abuses, which have been increasing for ages, through the ignorance of the people, the power of the Clergy, the despotism of Ministers,

Ministers, and finally, through the error of all."—Now every thing is changed, these abuses exist no longer, and on their ruin is raised a constitution, which has liberty and equality for its basis, and which dignerates at the same time the nation and the monarchy.

The nation having recovered *its sovereignty*, contains no citizens but what are equal in their rights, knows no despot but the law; no organs of that law, but the public functionaries; and I, adds the King, am the first of those functionaries.

Thus have I given you a very short view of the Revolution itself, which, even the King considers as the *removal of abuse*, and the *distribution of right*; which fully authorises the hypothesis I have advanced, that it is of God.

All must allow, that nothing can be more repugnant to the Divine Being, than oppression and tyranny; he felt the miseries
of

of Israel under the Egyptian yoke, and came down to deliver him.—Why then may we not attribute to him, the destruction of a Government the most vicious and oppressive, and the formation of one designed and calculated to alleviate the miseries, and protect the rights of millions of his offspring?—Why not consider the Revolution as the fulfilment of this scripture, “For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him at safety from him that would ensnare him.”

If it be true, that whatever hand establishes freedom, dispenses the *gift of God*, the Revolution is beyond all doubt *that gift*; and gratitude must for ever bind that favoured nation, to exclaim, in the language of inspiration, “Thanks be to God for HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT!”

PROVIDENCE.

The next ground I take in favour of the Revolution, is the interposition of Divine Providence; by which all the schemes of Anti-revolutionists have been frustrated, and the attempts of the nation rendered successful.

He must be ignorant of the affairs of France, who knows not, that prior to the destruction of the Bastile, a scheme was concerted for the ruin of the National Assembly, the destruction of liberty, and for the permanent establishment of despotism and slavery.—Mr. Paine says, the National Assembly, at, and before the taking of the Bastile, were sitting at Versailles, about twelve miles distant from Paris. About a week before the rising of the Parisians, it was discovered, that a plot was forming, at the head of which was the Count de Artois, the King's Brother, for demolishing the National Assembly, seizing its Members,

bers, and so of crushing all hopes of forming a free Government.

In concerting this scheme, we see the wisdom of the serpent, perfectly distinct from the innocence of the dove.

The wisdom of the Count de Artois, and his colleagues, who contrived this plot, could not be from above, for it was neither pure, peaceable, nor gentle; nor was it full of mercy, or good fruits; without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

To carry this devilish scheme into execution, the Court had taken these steps:

First—The Ministry was changed. The Members who were friends to the Revolution, were dismissed, and a Ministry formed of those who had concerted the nation's ruin.

Secondly—A large body of military force was collected round Paris, in order to cut

of all communication between that city and Versailles.

Thirdly—The command of the army was given to Broglie, one of the new Ministry, who, from his abilities, and high Aristocratic principles, was thought competent to perform the most wicked enterprise.

At the very moment this horrid scheme was ripe for execution, a mere accident, in appearance, confounded the treachery of these wretches, and saved the Assembly and nation.

The Prince de Lambesc, who commanded a body of German cavalry, supposing himself offended, struck a Frenchman with his sword; which so irritated the French, that a cry to arms immediately followed.

The Parisians come forth with all sorts of weapons, attack the German soldiers,
hired

hired to cut their throats; the city guards hearing the fire, fly to arms, join their fellow citizens, and Lambesc is defeated.

This was on the twelfth of July, 1789; on the fourteenth the Parisians were bold enough to attack hell itself.

They went in a large body and destroyed the infernal regions, called the Bastile. The new Ministry fled with loads of guilt from the face of vengeance, and the foreign soldiers were dispersed.

Thus was the nation saved from ruin, and the dark and dreadful cloud, which so lately hung over the people, replete with vengeance, burst with blessings on their heads.

Let me now ask, if the powder plot, in the reign of James, was prevented by Divine Providence, why not this? If it be right to perpetuate the memory of that deliverance, by an annual thanksgiving,
why

why not so as it respects this? I am persuaded, the National Assembly of France, and the friends of freedom in that country, are as much bound every 14th of July, as the Three estates of this kingdom on every 5th of November, to adopt the language of David and say, " If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.

" Blessed be the Lord who has not given us as a prey to their teeth. The snare is broken, and we are delivered."

Indeed, the situation of the National Assembly, strikes me, as more awful, than that of the Lords and Commons of this realm; for when the English knew their danger, it was over; but the Assembly knew it without possessing means of preventing it. But that God, who knows how to deliver, made their extremity his opportunity; and this rising of the Parisi-

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ans and soldiers, Mr. Burke may call it, if he please, this rising of soldiers against their officers, of servants against their masters, of tradesmen against their customers, of artificers against their employers, of tenants against their landlords, of children against their parents, and what is worse than all, of CURATES against their BISHOPS! This rising, under God, was the salvation of the country.

But this is not the only instance in which God has appeared in favour of the Revolution; it is to his good, and superintendant providence, the French must attribute the preservation of their country from being deluged in human blood, and from all the dreadful horrors of a civil war! What, but an intention to divide the nation into parties, and to bring those parties to try their strength at the point of the sword, could induce the Garde de Corps, at Versailles, to declare their hostile intentions, and set the nation at defiance, by tearing from their hats the national cockade, and trampling

ling it under their feet?—This was an offence that no sacrifice could have expiated, but the blood of the offenders, had not Fayette, with that wisdom that cometh down from above, which is pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, appeased his incensed countrymen.—But though De La Fayette was the instrument in preventing this savage enterprize, we ought to consider him as God's hand.

Add to this affair, the escape of the King.

Who that knows any thing of the history of this country, could avoid taking a retrospect of the abdication of James, when he heard this news? And where could there be found a mind so barren, as not to conceive of the royal standard on the borders of the nation; of the King's manifesto, replete with hypocrisy and falsehood, flying upon the wings of the wind, through France and Europe; of thousands interested in the misery of millions crowding to the
bloody

bloody banner; of foreign armies, sold by their proprietors, to work iniquity, marching to the aid of tyranny; of a King, dreadful creature! sacrificing thousands and thousands of his own subjects to his *kingly pride* and *beggarly* importance? It breaks the very heart of M. de Foucauld and his 289 protesting brethren, to behold the affecting spectacle, of a King, dragged as a criminal into his own capital! of a Monarch guarded in his own palace, by soldiers, not under his command! and of the suspension of his executive power by a decree of the Assembly! ah, dreadful and soul-rending spectacle! to see a rebel *against the nation*, secured to prevent its ruin! I fear, from my heart, it would have inspired no unpleasant feelings in the minds of Aristocrats, to have seen the King's palace thatched, as in the kingdom of Dahomey, with the heads of Revolutionists; or to have seen them piled by thousands at the Palace gates, like shot in an arsenal.

In the ruin of the plot against the Assembly; in the destruction of the Bastile, the very grave of liberty; in the defeat of the officers and soldiers at Versailles; in the capture of the King and his fugitive family, the friends of freedom are bound to exclaim with the warmest gratitude divine goodness can produce, "What hath God wrought!"

Thus have I endeavoured to justify the hypothesis first advanced, that the Revolution in France is of God.

First—Those bright virtues, of which he is the origin and source, have been exercised in establishing it.

Second—The removal of evils, the abhorrence of his justice; the assertion of rights, *by him equally distributed to man*, is the Revolution itself.

Thirdly—His providence has borne down all the measures of opposition to this great change;

change; and his blessing has succeeded every effort to effect it.—These views have riveted me to the Revolution, and the French; and, till pens more candid and impartial than Burke's, &c. shall reveal my error, I shall keep my ground.

THE
PERMANENCE & STABILITY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

If it be of God

YE CANNOT OVERTHROW IT.

IF the Revolution in France, the boast of freemen, and the glory of all true philanthropists, could be overthrown, the joy inspired by that great event would be rather premature.

It is true, liberty is worth striving for, whether we do, or do not, succeed in our efforts to possess it—It is our right, our natural, inviolable right, for which no enjoyment

ment whatever can compensate—But, as it is PERMANENCE that adds worth to enjoyment, if France could again degenerate into her former state of *darkness* and *slavery*, the *precious blood*, spilt by Parisian heroes, were a price too great for the purchased blessing.

The idea of ETERNITY adds weight to the joys of heaven; and the term, *permanent*, conjoined with *revolution*, affords ten thousand anticipated pleasures, beyond the bestowment of mere present good.

That the French Revolution will find many enemies, both foreign and domestic, there can be no doubt.

Many, in this nation, who dread reform, because interested in the perpetuity of abuse, are already alarmed, and the National Assembly has been attacked by the most scandalous libels that ever dishonoured an English press—The French Revolution is considered as a dangerous example, and especially

cially to this nation, owing to the vicinity of the two countries.

Those who glory in our civil government, and boast of the perfection of its ranks, orders, privileges, franchises, subordination, law, revenue, lords, commons, corporations, and electors; tremble for the government of this country, from the danger the English are in, of being led, by the example of an *irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, confiscating, plundering, ferocious, bloody, and tyrannical* democracy, to an imitation of like excess—The *pious conscientious christian*, who glories in the possession of an *unimpaired church*, and boasts of her estates, her majesty, her splendour, her orders and gradations, tremble for religion from the example of *Atheism*; a foul unnatural vice, foe to all the dignity and consolation of mankind, which seems in France, for a long time, to have been embodied into a faction, accredited and almost avowed.

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And are these things so? Is it a *fact*, that *real patriotism*, and *genuine christianity* inspire these fears?

Ah, tear away the mask that veils this cursed hypocrisy, and you immediately see, who in England lament the Revolution in France.

'Tis the proud Peer, to whom a remote ancestor has transferred, through the corrupted blood of a degenerate posterity, a name, which he ought to feel as a reproach rather than an honour; this is the man, who may dread the influence of French example, and expect *that day*, when the British Commons shall decree, that hereditary nobility be for ever abolished; that the titles of Prince, Duke, Count, Marquis, Viscount, Baron, Esquire, &c. shall neither be assumed by, or given to any person whatever; these must look forward with disgust to the approach of that period when we shall say,

Adieu

Adieu stars, 'scutcheons, titles, garters,
That veil the idle from disgrace !

When we shall hear no more of his *Excellency, Highness, Eminence, and Greatness* ; when personal merit shall be thought the noblest title to honour.

The dignified pluralist, who enjoys the revenues of churches he has never seen, cannot look at the example of France, without fearing, lest some unhallowed hands, some confiscators of sacred property, should interfere with the possessions of the church, and by a more equal distribution of them, save from misery and beggary, the half-famished Clergy of his diocese— This is the man who may justly dread the example of France, and tremble at the prospect of that period, when the people of England will no longer bear to see a Bishop of Durham, or Winchester, in the possession of ten thousand pounds a year, *for doing nothing*, while the poor laborious

honious Curate has to serve three churches for thirty or forty pounds per annum.

A government of *favoritism* will always find those that will tremble for its safety. Let us but just cast an eye over the royal register, or court calendar, and we shall see a croud of Burkeites dreading the probable influence of the French Revolution on this nation.

That there should be legions of Anti-revolutionists in France can be no wonder, and that these should labour to restore the old government is not strange.

To triumph over fixed habits of the mind, over opinions inculcated in infancy, and cherished by all the exterior forms of society; over habits which flatter personal interest in a thousand different ways, must be a work of time—To expect to see men, so deeply interested in the abuse of power, suffer the loss of all things without regret, without efforts to regain

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what the hand of justice has deprived them of, is to expect too much from depraved humanity.

M. de Noailles is a rare character ! few, like him, in the possession of exclusive privileges, will come forward with the zeal of patriotic enthusiasm, to make personal sacrifices for the public good—Such is the avarice of some poor wretches, that rather than resign privileges legally possessed, they will acquire by fraud, and hold by violence, what justice and humanity command them to restore—Man must be less depraved than at present, before we can expect to see those despots, who have filled all the offices and departments of France, resign all the smiles and favours of a court, without reluctance and resistance.—But hail thou goddess Freedom ! Despotism, that unweildy monster, whose limbs have been extended through the French empire, who has ruled in every province with a rod of iron, and dashed them in pieces like a potter's vessel, from thy hand, fair goddess, this monster has received

ceived a fatal blow. Struggle he will in dying agonies, reluctant to expire; but soon, in dread convulsions, which may injure some, and alarm more, he shall eternally resign his breath!

Though I am no Gerard-street conjurer, nor a Beaconsfield prophet, I will venture to foretell, that though thousands may fight against the liberties of France, they shall not prevail, and that no weapon formed against that nation shall prosper. A government founded in *justice*, has the approbation of heaven, and by heaven approved, Omnipotence shall be its defence!

I would now seriously enquire, if a Counter-revolution is expected, on what do Anti-revolutionists ground their hopes? what power is to effect it? Is it external or internal? Are Frenchmen or foreigners to be the mighty architects in rebuilding the *old edifice* destroyed by the wanton hands of French libertines?

M. Beaumetz, in his noble speech against the seizure of the effects of emigrants, has combated the idea of foreigners invading the liberties of France. He attributes their emigration to the small number of Anti-revolutionists in France. He says, " They have counted the minority, and found it contemptible. Do not imagine that foreigners will be the last to calculate. They have seen, that what was represented to them as a *petty faction*, more considerable by its activity than its number, includes *all the people of France*. The moment the emigrants saw the impossibility of rallying, within the kingdom, a minority capable of making the least resistance, at that moment they must have lost all hope of finding foreign powers, mad enough to spill the blood of their troops, in a case in which they have no interest.

Entertain no apprehensions of a league of foreign powers. Be assured, that when a whole nation wishes to be free, there is no power on earth that can hinder it."

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The enemies of the Revolution in this country dream most awful dreams, they conceive of untold swarms of Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Russians, Prussians, and I know not who, filling every province of France like Egyptian locusts, till they have destroyed and devoured every Revolutionist in the land.

But, to be sober, let me ask the enemies of France, who prate of the design of foreigners against the Revolution, what foreign power under heaven can be either so *unjust*, or *impolitic*, as to interfere in the affairs of France? The Revolution has nothing at all to do with foreign politics, but is entirely confined to the internal concerns of France. It is an event, with which foreigners have no business, and, as Beaumetz remarks, what foreign powers will be mad enough to spill the blood of their troops in a cause in which they have no interest? The Revolution is formidable to no *free nation* whatever, it is a Revolution benign in its very nature and principles, and

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as it was never intended to destroy, but to confirm all *lawful authority*, it must be every where salutary in its effects.—It will, in process of time, enlighten the darkest corners of the globe, and diffuse every where the salutary rays of freedom and happiness.—What power can oppose *such* a Revolution, without being guilty of the most violent and egregious acts of injustice?

Nor would foreign interference be less impolitic than unjust. I foresee, and this day foretell, (not by *inspiration*, but by judging of the future by the past) that the very moment any *despotic government* draws the sword against the liberties of France, that moment, and by that very act, that government will “proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”—If the King of Spain, or any other crowned tyrant, thinks it wise to liberate his own slaves, let him begin to forge chains for freemen; let him attempt to rebuild the Bastile, and he destroys the Inquisition; let him attempt to
destroy

destroy the rights of Frenchmen, and he asserts the rights of Spaniards; let him attempt to make Louis a tyrant, and he becomes himself the father of his people—Political tyrants will be trembling spectators of those struggles that happen between the subject and the Prince, but they will take no side, because to take *either* is dangerous.

By this time Mr. Lewis Bourbon, or the King of the French, has been taught this—An Englishman in Paris, informs his friend in England, that a report, in that city, of the English having prepared a fleet to make war with France, had exposed Englishmen to the danger of the *lanternes*; but such a report must be absurd and ridiculous. Yet, as absurd as it is, the silence of the Minister on the intent of his late armament, the favours received by M. de Calonne from people above stairs, the tacking about of a Beaconsfield Vicar, and the thanks he received for his scurrilous pamphlet, gained the report

port some credit in this country—But instead of the English opposing the Revolution in France, they have the most pleasing conceptions of its happy influence; they consider it so replete with good to this nation, as to demand, not their annual commemoration merely, but their everlasting thanksgiving and joy.

Let us say nothing of that world of political light, it has already diffused among us, the author and guardian of liberty.

Let us say nothing of the horror of innovation; it has annihilated a horror, which has sanctioned a thousand evils, because they were old. Let us say nothing of its conciliating effects upon the two nations, by the removal of national prejudices. Let us say nothing of the future security of our rights, so often invaded by the old tyrannick Government of France; but let us attend to its salutary effects in the prevention of war, and consequently in the future

future security of life and property.—It is an indubitable fact, that in 1688, the æra of the English Revolution, this nation had no debt borrowed on parliamentary security, for the discharge of the interest of which, national taxes were imposed and mortgaged.

But wonder, O heaven! and be astonished, O earth! since that period, only 103 years, the government of this country has contracted a debt, to the moderate amount of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING! methinks I hear some of you exclaim, INCREDIBLE! how has this been done? what's become of the money?—Ah, Sirs, why ask me! let me refer you to a Lord de la Mere, a Harley, a Stanhope, a Pelham, a North, a Pitt, and a group of British financiers in the five reigns. These, no doubt, will tell you, that the French, ever restless and ambitious, have been always kindling wars in this nation, and that, for the purpose of cutting their throats, we have been obli-

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ged, for a century past, to keep a large standing army, that in addition to our own strength, we have been obliged to call in the aid of *Hessian, Batavian, Russian, Prussian*, and HANOVERIAN hirelings; upon whom millions and millions have been expended, for their singular service in butchering the French.

They will tell you, that our German possessions, so *valuable* and *precious*! have been so endangered by the perfidy of France, that we have been obliged to pay our Russian guardian 300,000*l.* per annum, for one given period, (three years) and 500,000*l.* per annum for another, besides 100,000*l.* on the nail. Lord North will tell you, that such have been the expences attendant upon destroying the French (together with a few Americans) that he has been obliged to borrow at five and a half per cent. twelve millions a year, and that a premium of nine millions has been paid by the public for the loan of twelve.

Thus

Thus it appears, by the testimony of the servants of the crown, that the greatest part of our national debt, together with all our load of taxes, originate with the French; that the unsupportable burdens under which we groan, are the fruits of the perfidy and restless ambition of her old government.— But now, thank God, the scene is changed! hail the Revolution! that stems the torrent of British blood, provides a sinking fund for the nation, and only beyond the talents of a WALPOLE and a PRICE, but even beyond the powers of a *heaven-born Minister*. No more wars will be undertaken by France to gratify the ambition of a Prince, taught to consider the blood of man a proper offering to his *sacred greatness*. No more wars to serve the purpose of a French Minister, wont to plunder his country for private advantage. When Louis the Fourteenth built the castle of Trianon, the King and his Minister (Louvois) differed about the proportion of the windows; Le Notre, the Architect, being called to decide the question, gave it in favour of the

King. The Minister now receiving from Louis a public and severe reprimand, swore, that as he had no resource but war to divert the attention of his Majesty from his building, war he should have; war was accordingly declared in a few months, which cost the nation thousands of lives and millions of treasure.—This is a case that will never more take place in France. There will be no wars there, but wars consented to by the people, at whose expence they are undertaken, by whose blood they are carried on, and on whom all the calamities of war must fall.

This being the case, we may rest assured, no wars will be carried on but what are founded in *necessity* and *justice*.—If England, therefore, does not change sides, and become perfidious instead of France; if she avoids that restless ambition she has spilt seas of blood, and spent millions of money to correct, we shall in future live as sister nations, with no emulation, but that of provoking to love and good works.

And

And are these the fruits we derive from
the Revolution in France? who then shall
condemn our effusions of joy? 'tis rational,
'tis religious to sing.

O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of
France,

See the day-star of liberty rise;
Through the clouds of detraction unwearied ad-
vance,

And hold its new course thro' the skies.

An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,

All Europe with wonder surveys;

And from deserts of darkness and dungeons of
night,

Contentends for a share of the blaze.

In the records of time, a new æra unfolds,

All nature exults in its birth;

His creation, benign, the CREATOR beholds,

And gives a new charter to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds as ye blow!

O bear it ye waves as ye roll!

From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,

To the farthest extremes of the pole.

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EQUAL

EQUAL RIGHTS, EQUAL LAWS, to the nations
around,

PEACE and FRIENDSHIP its precepts impart,
And wherever the footsteps of MAN shall be found,
May he bind the decree on his heart.

From my heart I fear that the ruin of this nation had been *inevitable* but for the Revolution in France: I am now but 43 years of age, yet I cannot conceive how my last child could have arrived at the same age, without seeing the government of England, had she gone on in her old line of politicks, a bankrupt. At the end of the war, which was terminated the year I was born, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the national debt was not more than 70 millions, and since that time, only 43 years, we have added 180 millions more to the load. Add to this, in the year 1834, 180 millions more, and then say what nation could bear the load? what Minister could find taxes to pay the annual interest?

Hail

Hail the Revolution! which relieves our minds from every apprehension of increasing burdens, and opens a pleasing prospect of a speedy alleviation. As it has ever been the province of war to drain nations, both of *blood* and *treasure*, how justly may we expect, that future peace and amity with the French nation, will redress those grievances, of which a century of war has given reason to complain!

Thus *indirectly* interested in the Revolution of France, interested in its *effects*, and partakers of its *fruits*, there can be no reason to suppose the British Government beholds it with aversion. Rather, we may suppose, his Majesty and his servants, the Clergy and the Laity, must admire a Revolution, that *prevents one here*—The *Peer* and the *Prelate* have had their fears; but it is no new thing for GUILT to inspire fear, where no fear is.—These too, have been strengthened by the raillery of Burke; but we forgive him. When he *thinks* he'll
repent,

repent, and wish, with Rochester, he could *unwrite* his writings.—Whenever I am made Bishop of Durham, or Winchester, (and who can tell? *fitness* is *nothing* in a *Government of Grace*) I will give Mr. Burke this counsel; Friend Burke, before you sit down in future to scrutinize the measures of a great nation, and to *damn* them in the *gross*, take this advice—“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be *any virtue*, and if there be *any praise*, THINK ON THESE THINGS.” Thus taught, he would exhibit to the world the imitable virtues of a neighbouring nation, and a Christian mantle would conceal her defects. He would teach the world, that the glorious Revolution now in question, can have nothing to fear from foreign attacks; that all tyrannic powers must stand off, awed

awed by the sure effects of *their* interference, and that all *free* governments must *admire*, and AID.

As the Revolution has nothing to dread from the interposition of FOREIGNERS, where then resides that mighty HERCULES, that formidable power, which excites the hopes, and inspires the fears of the foes and friends of freedom?

If there exists no power *out* of France, that can destroy its new constitution, if it *be* destroyed, it must be by *internal* enemies; Frenchmen must conspire against their own rights, and be the dreadful instruments of their own ruin.

That great numbers of Frenchmen are so disposed, is a fact established by too powerful evidence to be denied by any; but those furious madmen, though suffered to be at large among their countrymen, or to roam among 300 German Princes, with supplications and prayers,

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have been wisely deprived of every instrument of ruin, but the *malignancy* of their own wicked wills.

While the old government of France remained, one part of the community possessed power sufficient to destroy the liberties of the other; but the complete ruin of the old system has so effectually weakened the hands of tyranny, as to render liberty permanent and secure.—The first grand step towards this, was the overthrow of separate chambers, and the union of the three orders in one National Assembly. The Commons well knew, that the Clergy and Nobility were interested in the perpetuity of those abuses which ought to be reformed, they knew that their possession of two equal and independent voices, must render their exertions insignificant, or useless; therefore, they were determined not to act at all, till they could act to purpose. They knew as well as the Duke of Luxemburg, that the support of *absolute* monarchy depended on the division
of

of the States General, that the orders divided must be subject to the crown, but when united, its authority would be sovereign, and its power irresistible; the Commons knowing this, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity, till, by the union of the orders, they had possessed the nation of SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY and IRRESISTIBLE POWER.

The suppression of hereditary nobility; and of the law of primogenitureship; the abolition of all rights of nominating officers in the Municipal Government, hitherto exercised as attached to the possession of certain lands; or to the functions of the commandant of a province; or to a Bishoprick, or Archbishoprick; or as held by any other title whatever; the abolition of feudal rights; of the law of main-morte; of pluralities of benefices; of all pensions not earned by actual service; of wardenships, trading companies, corporations, and all exclusive privileges; and the vast abridgement of the royal prerogative, are all the most glorious

rious acts of *forefight* ! acts, for the prevention of evil, by depriving *them* of POWER, who, hereafter, might have a WILL to destroy the new government.

Adieu monopolies and charters,
Sold for support by men in place;
Adieu stars, 'scutcheons, titles, garters,
That veil the idle from disgrace.

Adieu your fines on feudal tenures,
Paid for the right of voting not,
Intails, church-leases, game-rights, manors,
Your parchment records now may rot !

Adieu your Prebends, Chapters, Deans,
Your spiritual jurisdiction,
Your tests, and all your ways and means
To keep poor conscience in restriction.

Though there are still Anti-revolutionists in France, they are smitten on the check-bone, ABOLITION has broken the teeth of the ungodly.—They may buzz about the nation like a swarm of hornets, and affright the timorous with their noise,
but

but they cannot hurt—abolition has drawn their stings—abolition has torn out their very vitals, they are nothing but an ignifatus, will-with-a-wisp, an appearance without substance. They are walking ghosts, which may terrify and alarm children, but can do no hurt.

Besides all this prevention by foresight, France is now in the possession of those guardians of liberty, which must render every attempt at a Counter-revolution childish and vain.—The great body of the French, like the English and others, have for a long series of years been bewildered in political darkness—and like Israel of old have been destroyed for lack of knowledge.

Ah, poor Frenchmen! long ignorant of their *own authority*, they have bowed to one usurped; ignorant of their own importance and natural equality, they have suffered themselves to be insulted, and oppressed by *titular tyrants*, the voracious consumers of

of the fruit of their toil; ignorant of the end of political institutions, they have suffered them to *invade* and *plunder*, rather than protect; ignorant of their own strength, they have put forth no exertions in defence of their rights.

But, O happy nation! visited by the illuminating rays of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Boulanger, Helvetius, Buffon, Bailli, Marmontel, Diderot, Raynal, and Mably, the scales are now fallen from their eyes; and they can boast, with the man in the Gospel, One thing we know, that whereas we were once blind now we see.

These, as Mr. Courtenay well observes, have with combined force, assailed and unsettled the consecrated opinions of ages; the venerable Gothic structure has been shaken to its very foundation, the sacred edifice has been laid low, and *democracy* has dedicated a temple to liberty on its ruins—These have been the instruments of informing

forming the French, and of contributing in different ways to diffuse the principles of liberty among them.

In this diffusion of knowledge, the French are blessed; a barrier against every attempt at a Counter-Revolution. "For a nation to love Liberty," says M. de la Fayette, "it is sufficient that she *knows it*; and for her to be free, it is sufficient that she *wills it*." The French both *know* and *love*, they *will* and *have*. Liberty is so dear an object, that with them life is a bawble, in comparison of it; and death an evil tenfold less formidable than tyrants chains.

Till their wisdom shall degenerate into ancient folly; till they are taught by their guides, to call evil good, and good evil; till they become so foolish, as to prefer a hovel to a palace, they never will find hands enough in France, to gather up the ruins of the old government, in order to reconstruct the ancient edifice.

"Those,"

“Those,” says Mr. Paine, “who talk of a Counter-revolution in France, shew how little they understand of man. There does not exist, in the compass of language, an arrangement of words to express so much as the means of effecting a Counter-revolution; the means must be an *obliteration of knowledge*; and it has never yet been discovered how to make man *unknow* his *knowledge*, or *unthink* his *thoughts*.” On this ground the Revolution is secure.

The glorious Revolution has much to expect, in point of permanence, from the happy *unity* and *concord* that prevails in the *vast* reforming body.

So many difficulties were to be surmounted, and such formidable power resisted, in forming the new government of France, that had there not been a *coalition* of men and of talents, it had never been effected: in such a work there was need of every *head* and *hand*. Of this the National Assembly were not ignorant, and therefore

therefore have endeavoured to unite the whole nation in the common cause.

As the French reformers saw they wanted the strength of union, and a combination of powers, to begin this great work, so have they wisely considered, that it must be consummated and rendered perfect by the same force.

They have not lost sight of the bottles floating on the sea, and telling each other, "If we clash we break;" they knew discord and division to be the parents of dissolution, that a house divided against itself cannot stand, that where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. They know what Burke has now forgot, that the vessel of state must sail calmly on, when borne along by the stream of public opinion.

On these principles has the nation acted, and accordingly, we find every thing done, in the business of *equalization*, and in the

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territorial

territorial division of the kingdom, in the *judicial* and *ecclesiastical organization*, in their several *wise* and *masterly addresses*, and in every thing else, to “keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.”

Thanks be to God, these endeavours have not been in vain! instead of the nation being torn to pieces by a *mob* of *democracies*, we see a union of hearts that nothing but heaven can excell.

We see the measures of the Assembly functioned and applauded by the whole nation. Acclamations of joy attend their decrees, which sound from the Thuilleries to the extremest province in France. Two millions of dissenters from the national religion, (not *embittered* against the Government as in this country, by being condemned without trial, and punished without crime) forget all differences in religion, and unite hand and heart, in support of the common cause, in support of a constitution
of

of consistency and justice, which knows no man but in the character of a citizen.

A spirit of sympathy with the national spirit runs through the whole army, and in the scattered cities of Rennes, Bourdeaux, Lyons and Grenoble, we find,

The soldiers to a man forsake
The tyrant's cause, and changing station,
With fellow citizens partake,
The joy of a delivered nation.

No less than 150,000 of these fine fellows rise at the same moment to *noble disobedience*, and refuse to resist the *virtuous insurrections* of their fellow citizens.—Add to these things the multiplied millions of oaths by which all *descriptions* of people have bound themselves to support their nation and their rights.

Against such a combination of *men, talents, wealth, and blood*, in the name of common sense, what INTERNAL FACTION shall be able to stand?

France, so united, an attempt at a Counter-revolution must be downright presumption, and as childish and silly, as an attempt with a cockleshell to empty the mighty ocean.—The *whole French nation*, wishing to be free, and thus uniting to effect their wishes, may set every power, whether *foreign* or domestic at defiance.

Let the Prince de Condé erect a standard for his royal cousin where and when he pleases; let him increase his army till it vies with the stars in number; let his troops be all generals in discipline and furies in combat; let the troops of Spain and German hirelings issue from their infernal cells to cast about firebrands, arrows, and death; let M. de Calonne try his utmost efforts; let him rouse the Prince, the Priesthood, and the Nobles, by representing to their view the horrors of degraded dignity, plundered inheritance and destroyed power; let him proclaim the sympathy of royal hearts, and the wish of Europe to restore fallen tyranny; let poor M. Bouille muster all his
force

force at Luxembourg, and Monsieur and de Artois at Brussels; let them expect much from their own zeal and more from Louis; but all will not do, 'tis a lost cause for ever! and for ever! Babylon is fallen, is fallen to rise no more! The situation of Anti-revolutionists borders upon hell, it is a situation of despair! If they look upward, heaven affords no hope! heaven's too good. If they look downward, hell may flatter, but cannot help, hell's too impotent. If they look to earth, there is no help there, earth's too wise.

One individual of mankind has the boldness to announce, that rather than pay taxes to invade the liberties of France, he will bed and board in our English Bastile, rebuilt to be tenanted by the wretch so daring as to libel the QUEEN of FRANCE.

FINIS.

